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forms, to begin with; hardly any from mere copies of objects. I believe that most of the class are *accurately* to be called "Working Men," and had no knowledge whatever of drawing before they commenced at the College. Their progress is certainly remarkable, and even surprising: the evidence of fidelity and perception is frequent, and some have attained a skill really great. Mr. Rossetti's class has also made rapid advances in its still more difficult study; the principle of drawing heads from the life having been enforced at the very commencement of the studies. A characteristic adjunct to the personal tuition, is supplied by some prints and drawings hung about the room; here some foliage, rendered from Nature by Ruskin himself; there an Albert Durer, or a photograph of thirteenth-century cathedral sculpture: on one side, Turner's Æsacus and Hesperie, from the *Liber Studiorum*, labelled by Ruskin, "Best possible tree-drawing and mezzotint engraving" — on another, an Italian print of Canova's Hebe, labelled "Worst possible line engraving"—with admonitory notes, that the woman's back looks harder than the trunk of the tree, and that the hatching of the drapery meets in chequers like a mackerel's markings, as also, with respect to Canova's own part in the misdeed, that the face is mean, and the action impossible, for no woman could run so as to throw her drapery over the stump of the tree; and if she were pouring anything from the vase, it would fall into her own lap instead of the cup. If the Working Men will learn from this example to despise the cant of truckling admiration, and to reject folly and rottenness, by whatever high-sounding name these may pass, they will owe Ruskin a measureless debt of gratitude. The vindication of their independence in such a way as this, is as valuable a part of their Art-education as any apparently more direct.

Some of your readers may be glad to hear that there is a descendant living of the great Holbein. I met a gentleman the other night bearing that honored name, and, I am told, lineally descended from the painter, through whom the forms of Henry VIII., and so many a better and a worse man yet live for ourselves.

Another name I mention, more for my own satisfaction than yours. It is that of your countryman, Thomas Buchanan Read, artist and poet, who, I see, has published a new volume—doubtless of as genuine poetry as he was previously known by. Of the calibre of his painting I cannot speak with any assurance; but, on two flying visits to England, he made his friendship so acceptable to many of my circle, that it is pleasant to get his name under my pen.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

London, April 28, 1855.

CRAWFORD'S BEETHOVEN.

THE German love for Art was beautifully manifested by the *fête* in honor of the bronze statue of Beethoven, recently cast at the royal foundry in Munich. This statue, as the readers of the CRAYON are aware, is a gift from Mr. Charles Perkins to the Music Hall in Boston. For a description of the festival, we are indebted to the letter of a German gentleman, from which we extract the following:—

MUNICH, March 29, 1855.

* * * "It was a glorious, beautiful festival, and I still revel in the enjoyment of the delightful recollection. I wish you could have witnessed the universal enthusiasm.

"The artist's permission had been obtained to place the Beethoven in the Concert Hall; but the general musical director, Lochner, would not allow the statue to be placed in an ordinary hall, but appointed an especial concert for the 26th of March, the anniversary of the great master's death, saying—'that day shall be marked by a *fête* of Art.'

"A pedestal of six feet in height was prepared, having a back ground of dark green velvet, supported by gilt columns. It was a serious undertaking to get the statue up the high steps, but it was accomplished without accident—and the statue was placed upon its pedestal, in the midst of a forest of flowers and cypresses, lit by more than a hundred gas lights: the *tout ensemble* produced a most magical effect. The Concert Hall was filled to overflowing with more than a thousand persons, among whom King Maximilian and the Queen were most conspicuous. And, now began the execution of Beethoven's best compositions by more than three hundred singers, male and female, and musicians, in a manner that made me wish Mr. Perkins could have listened to their magic tones.

"The director of the theatre, Herr Dinegektide, wrote a prologue in verse, which was finely recited by Madame Danbách, the first actress: and, when the *fête* was ended—"Such a *fête* we have never had," was the cry of hundreds of voices.

"King Maximilian remarked to a gentleman present, 'I only regret that this master-piece of Art should not remain in Munich:' the reply was, 'The artist who created it still lives,' at which his Majesty smiled, and said, 'Not easily does a work of Art please me as does this statue.'

"Ex-King Louis was unable to leave the palace on the evening of the *fête*, as the weather was very bad; and, still suffering as he is, he has not made any artistic visit. But, hearing that the Beethoven must be sent off, he went yesterday, in the midst of the snow and rain, to see it. The statue was once more placed on its pedestal for him—he was delighted with it; and, as he intends visiting Rome this summer, said that he would tell the artist, in person, how much the statue had pleased him."

OBJECTS OF ART CONTAINED IN THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.—I regret not to be able to give such a description of the remarkable objects of Art preserved in this building as they fully merit. For though I inspected them under the most favorable circumstances, yet the objects were too various and numerous to permit of any thorough examination. The specimens of Indian sculpture are very numerous, but, with few exceptions, on a small scale. Some are in bronze, others in black stone, but most are in white stone. The latter are partially gilt; others entirely so. Among those in bronze are some of most admirable execution. The representations of Buddha are particularly frequent. Smaller idols in gold and silver also occur. The collection of coins is especially rich and interesting. Among the weapons, for example, the sabres are many, like that of Tippoo Saib, which are remarkable for costliness and taste of ornament. A pair of gloves, in particular, executed in Lahore, are very remarkable. Among the pictures may be mentioned, first, a number of copies of large pictures, of a frieze-like form, executed by an English officer by commission from the Company, from wall-paintings found in India. They represent chiefly highly dramatic scenes, hunts, battles, &c., and are of very animated, and, in some cases, of happy motives. As regards drawing, modelling, and color, they are of very low grade, with a rudeness of execution, which, to all appearance, is not to be laid to the charge of the copyist. As there was no room for placing these pictures, they were taken out one after another for my inspection—a trouble which I very much regretted giving. The Indian painter appears, however, to much greater advantage in his miniature, of which a large collection is here preserved, containing some of great excellence. If there be a department of Indian Art in which something of that delicate and poetic feeling is reflected which attracts every cultivated mind in their poetry—for instance in the poem of Lacontala—it is in the department of miniatures. There we find those slender and graceful female forms, delicately and individually rendered. Nor are the power and beauty of the male figure less well given. The motives are true, animated and various; the proportions generally slender; the drawing frequently correct; the separate portions are not without some modelling; the colors lively, and in some cases harmoniously arranged; and finally, the execution is of admirable finish. In the representation of native animals—for instance, of elephants—a singularly true and close observation of Nature in every respect is evident. The weak point of Indian Art is the absence of light and shade, and of linear and aërial perspective. In the elegant ornamentation, that taste prevails which we meet with in Arabo-Indian architecture. Admirable specimens of Persian miniatures are also here. An historical work displays numerous representations of battle-scenes, of the most surprising truth, and of great freedom of momentary action. The national physiognomy is very accurately rendered, and the execution is careful. The Arabian taste has been most delicately applied in the ornaments of the borders. Upon the whole, they may be placed on the same level of development with the Indian miniatures. Finally, some very choice specimens of Chinese miniatures are to be seen here. In comparison with the idealizing tendency of the Indians, the Chinese may be called the realistic painters of the East. In the rendering, however, of separate appearances in Nature, they display uncommon delicacy, and also great feeling for the refinement of Chinese female beauty. Their colors are also of the most marvellous freshness; the technical process of great precision. The gaudiness of the arrangement, and the total want of all modelling, however, give these miniatures the appearance of maps, the outlines of which are filled with local color, while the absence of aërial perspective entirely excludes all idea of pictorial effect.—*Dr. Waagen.*

THE strong feeling for the various beauties and peculiarities of Nature, which distinguishes the English nation, sends them travelling over all parts of the globe; and it is not too much to say that the greater number of the English tourists of each set return home laden with sketch-books commemorative of their impressions. Hence, it is quite natural that scenes from Nature, when assisted with every appliance of skill and taste, should be very attractive to the public. Next to subject-painting, therefore, no department of Art is so richly supplied in England, as landscape-painting, in which must be included marine scenes—also, a national taste easily accounted for. At the same time the realistic tastes of the English have influenced the style of landscape-painting, which inclines far more to the rendering of the common sense of Nature, than to the freer and poetical line of composition, or the so-called historical style.—*Dr. Waagen.*

Among the passengers by the Atlantic last week, was Gifford, the landscape painter, who goes to England and the Continent. We understand that he will spend his time of study mainly in England, certainly the best school for landscape which the day affords.